

## Whispers by MistressYin

**Series:** [Just A Word \[23\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove (mentioned), Julie Capson, Maxine "Max" Mayfield (mentioned), Mike Wheeler (Mentioned), Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-11-24

**Updated:** 2018-11-24

**Packaged:** 2022-04-23 03:03:35

**Rating:** Not Rated

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 975

**Publisher:** [archiveofourown.org](https://archiveofourown.org)

**Summary:**

The Wheelers finally get the divorce that's been sneaking up on them since winter.

# Whispers

## Author's Note:

Hello! Sort of time skip? Not really? Its summer now!

And the word of the day is...Whispers!

Whispers, Steve knew them well.

The whispers of The Hargrove Affair engulfed Max and Mike, leaving them staring awkwardly at each other as the tense atmosphere swallowed them.

Steve was reminded of when his father's arrest got out. In a small town like Hawkins, everyone knew everyone and everything that happened, and with a family as renowned as the Harringtons? It was inevitable that it would blow up.

He stared at Hargrove, who was casually smoking a cigarette and leaning against his expensive car as the pointing and the whispers never ceased. It was awful, and Steve would pity him if the guy hadn't been vying for the attention.

Steve was just glad his part in the story didn't make an appearance, having had enough of the spotlight for perhaps the rest of his life.

He got in his own car, briefly contemplating going over to Hargrove, but ultimately deciding against that decision and locking his door tightly.

He rode swiftly to work, full days on the weekend seeing as it was only 8 o'clock in the morning. Summer had crept up on him like a viper, and of course, so had the wheelers divorce papers.

He rolled his window down and let the wind wash over him. When he finally arrived at the mall, it was rather silent except for the sounds of the wheels on new, smooth road.

He made his way into the building at a leisurely pace, taking in the warmth as he slid his sunglasses over his eyes. The scent of the first

days of summer never really got old when faced with constant climate change.

“Hey! Romeo!”

“My darling Juliet!” he teased back at his sort-of-girlfriend-but-they-hadn’t-really-done-anything-yet. He met her just a couple of months ago, and now they were closer than ever.

He had realized what she reminded him of now. The book that he had been assigned to read and now took to quoting as much as possible with play on words.

“Oh Romeo! Oh Romeo! Where art thou darling?” She fluttered her eyes and took on a Juliet accent, batting her lashes playfully.

He beamed at her. “My sweet sunrise, it has been only but hours alas how it feels like the earth as moved around the sun thrice!”

She gave him a side hug and slid on his working hat coyly, giving him a big kiss on the cheek.

She took on a sympathetic expression. “I’ve heard the rumors.”

He hummed.

“I don’t see why they can’t just leave those poor people alone!” she huffed, stomping (but not really, it was more like stamps on her) over to the ice cream parlor and examining the new flavors they had received earlier this week.

“What’s lavender breeze supposed to taste like?” she questioned, screwing her nose up at the unappetizing smell.

“Don’t ask me.” He shrugged helplessly. “But yea, Hagrove’s really been getting it lately. I passed him earlier while dropping off the kids.”

“How are those honey cones anyway? It must be hard to be the center of attention like this, especially sense it’s their relatives.”

Steve began wiping down the table sets for the day, using extra

cleaner as he remembered the birthday kids that had run amok and trashed nearly the entire floor with topping crumbs.

“They’ve been awkward. I’m sure he divorce is going to be hard to cope with, with such a change in pace and all after everything had finally started to settle down since the disappearance.”

She paused, putting her hands on her hips. Steve had long since explained to her the disappearance, but every now and then she would have a new question about it, seemingly sensing the falseness of the cover story.

“About that.” Her country tone slid into the statement especially strongly, “I was wondering more about your birth folks.”

He bit his lip. She knew the gist of his childhood, but she didn’t know details of dates and when it was found out and how. Funny how the gossip exploded when it happened but now it was like a carefree wrapped secret, some sort of taboo. Families took their relatives in corners to explain more about the ‘poor boy’ rather than just screeching about it like before.

“How come you don’t live with your momma if you can? Or is this just some odd protocol...?” she stopped her work and met his eyes, chapped lips captured between her teeth in a habit he had told her to stop on hundreds of occasions.

“My mother was...” he searched for the words, “...troubled. She had loved my father and refused to turn him in, so when it got really bad, I guess she just couldn’t handle it. She self-destructed until the cops didn’t deem her capable of handling a kid.” He took a deep breath, caught up in the memory of her dark rimmed eyes and shallow cheek bones.

“I’m sorry for always brining this up, but I just feel like I’m missing a whole part of you sometimes! I need to be better equipped in case something happened. Are you not telling me something?” her eyes glimmered with hope for the concealed truth.

Steve glanced around. “You’re not going to believe me.”

Her eyes grew faint. “Try me.”

He glanced around the room, acutely aware of all the other store workers that had to come in to set up as well. Not many came in so early, as officially they really only started at ten, but just a few people here and there was still a risk.

He led her into the back closet with all the surprise and his hands gripped her shoulders. Her eyes met his with complete trust and sincerity. He matched the seriousness.

“Have you ever heard of the upside down?”

His own whisper added to the hundred others gossiping around town.

**Author's Note:**

Thanks again from MistressYin!